THE

PARTERRE.

BY A TRIO.

A blooming garden,
Adorn'd with flow'rs of every rainbow hue,
And fragrant odour.

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For the Parterre.

THE BUFFALOE ROBE.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 165.]

The last glimmerings of twilight were just fading into darkness, as she regained the cottage. She was scarcely seated, when a knock at the door, interrupted their joy. "Come in," said the old man. The door was opened by a tall, athletic figure, wrapped in a large blue cloak.—His face was shaded by a black beaver, enveloped in sable plumes. He advanced a few paces into the room, and sunk senseless on the floor. Though much amazed at this unexpected visit, Kelmar, assisted by his daughter, placed him on their pallet; and having divested him of his cap and cloak, a little cold water, with which Claudine bathed his forehead, shortly restored him.

As soon as he was able to speak, he raised himself on the bed and addressed them. My "good people," said he, "I have to beg your pardon, for this intrusion; at the entrance of the wood, some villians struck me from my horse, and while I laid insensible on the ground rifled me of all that they imagined worth the trouble of taking: by the time I had recovered, they had made their escape. I was much bruised, both by the fall and blow, and with difficulty remounted my horse, which I discovered at a little distance. The exertions, which I must necessarily have used in reaching your house, were the occasion of the fainting from which you have just restored me. I must request that you will allow me to remain here during the night; a little sleep will refresh me, and in the morning I shall be able to proceed." The petition was no sooner preferred than granted, and after a few expressions of sympathy on one part and satisfaction on the other, they severally retired,—Kelmar and Claudine rejoicing in the apprehension, that it was still in their power to assist the unfortunate, and mutually pleased with the anticipations of the morrow.

The sun had just begun to shine over the surrounding wood, when the stran-

ger arose. He was much refreshed by the repose which he had taken, and declared himself able again to set forward on the road Claudine and her father pressed him warmly to remain, as the bruises on his side must render riding painful. He said, that they might be somewhat troublesome, but the solicitude which his friends would experience for his safety urged his immediate departure. "I am sorry," said he, taking the old man affectionately by the hand, "that those villians have not left me the means of discharging at once the debt which I owe you; but, believe me, your hospitality shall not want a reward; and you, my charmtng girl," continued he, (addressing Claudine,) "I shall long have occasion to remember the kindness which you have shown me; depend upon it, you shall not be forgotten." Kelmar thanked him, but insisted that he deserved no reward, that he had done nothing more, than he should have expected from any other man in the same situation, and that self-satisfaction was a sufficient recompence. A small pittance would, indeed, have been very acceptable to Kelmar in his present circumstances, but the high sense of manly honor, which inflamed his noble spirit, prompted an utter refusal. With mutual protestations of friendship and regard, the stranger took his departure, leaving his hosts envolved in doubts respecting his rank, title or quality.

The season was now arrived, when the winter assemblies and amusements commenced Lady Maria being in want of some ball dresses and other ornaments, repaired with the neighbouring nobility to the house of Mrs. Summerlin. On entering, the first object which engaged her attention, was the Buffaloe Robe.—She immediately recognized it, as very similar to the one, which she had some time since presented to Claudine.——"Where was this purchased, Mrs. Summerlin"?—enquired the Countess. "In France, my lady;—I had a great number of them, but they were disposed of immediately." Lady Maria viewed the woman closely, (for she doubted much the truth of her assertion,) but not the least sign of embarrassment was perceptible. She then turned the robe, and discovered in one corner, the initials of Claudine's name, which she herself had there imprinted. Without evincing in any way whatever, that she had the slightest knowledge of its former possessor, the Countess demanded the price of the garment. With the utmost complaceney, the woman named "twenty crowns", and having received her demand from the purse of the Countess, and put herself out of breath in the eager repetition of her usual flatteries and compliments, she obtained from her patroness a cold "good morning."

(To be Continued.)

For the PARTERRE.

TO J. H. S.

The banner of night from the skies was unfurl'd,
And Silence, her sceptre wide waving,
Quell'd the murmur of toil, hush'd the hum of the world,
And bid the wild winds cease from raving;
Enraptur'd I gaz'd on the daughter of night,
As she swam through the star-studded ocean,
So calm was her progress, so brilliant her light,
That it sunk on my heart with a chasten'd delight,
A pure, an ecstatic emotion.

I mus'd on the days that had melted away,
Like the mists from the streamlet exhaling,
When mingling, alarmed at the glances of day,
The shadows of midnight are sailing;
I thought on the pleasures my childhood had known
On the friends that had gilded those hours,
On the prospects and views that forever had flown,
On the scenes that had given my temper its tone,
And frozen my soul's genial powers.

I thought on the friend that was wandering afar,
Where Potomac's wide waters are swelling,
Who perhaps at that moment was viewing the star,
Where my own rapt attention was dwelling;
How varied the picture that rose to my sight,
By the torch of remembrance enlighten'd,
Deep painted by darkness, and tinted with light,
By the long pause of sorrow, and pleasures quick flight,
Alternately shadow'd and brighten'd.

Oh! thus it will be in the twilight of life,
To the vision of dim retrospection,
A tissue of vanity, falsehood and strife,
Ungrateful to calm recollection.

But the thought of past friendship will rapture impart,
'Tis the pleasure which memory can borrow,
'Twill soften the anguish of misery's smart,
'Twill warm the last pulses that play in the heart,
Pour a balm in the bosom of sorrow. V.

For the Parterre.

Various men have various Minds.

How apt are we, and yet how unjustly, to accuse another with a want of taste, because his pursuits are dissimilar with our own. It cannot be expected that the mind of another will be exactly congenial with our own, nor should we look for it, although it is a practice to which we are all, more or less, accustomed. Camilla and Laurentia having spent their juvenile years, and been educated together, have gradually imbibed an affection for each other, which deserves to the full extent of the word, the appellation of friendship, and that of a degree more than usually refined Habituated to the same pursuits, their dispositions and their sentiments had become nearly assimilated, and promised to afford a cement to the union of their hearts which would be rendered still more durable by the lapse of time. They enjoyed a mutual confidence and an unreserved interchange of thoughts. The sorrows of one were participated by the other, and their pleasures with a single exception were by each enjoyed. The exception to which I allude was occasioned by a difference of taste in public amusements. Camilla prefers the gaiety of the ball room, but Laurentia is extremely partial to every species of theatrical performance. Camilla entertained so unconquerable a disgust for the buffonery (as she termed it) of the stage, that all the entreaty of her friend could not persuade her to enter again the doors of the theatre; and the pleasures of the ball-room appeared to Laurentia so infantile and insignificant, that she contracted an utter aversion of them. The solicitations of Camilla, however, once prevailed upon her to join in the dance at an anniversary ball, but in a few moments she retired from the room, complaining that the exercise had given her a violent head ache. This, Camilla imagined, was a mere excuse to cover an idle prejudice; and therefore expressed herself in terms rather harsher, perhaps, that their matured friendship would have warranted. Whereas, on the other hand, Laurentia having obtained, with much difficulty, a promise from Camilla to be present at the representation of a favourite tragedy, she accordingly accompanied her thither. But in one of the most affecting scenes, when her friend was dissolved in tears, Camilla burst into a fit of laughter at the fancied folly of so many "*grown children*," as she expressed herself. This epithet, hurt the feelings of Laurentia the more as she conceived Camilla might have remained silent from respect to her, rather than have recourse to such ill-timed derision. She, resented it therefore with, perhaps, unjust severity. Camilla retorted, by mentioning her behaviour at the ball sometime since and Laurentia defended her conduct.

This controversy has been long forgotten, but since that time their friendship has gradually subsided from the warmth of their former intimacy to the formality of mere acquaintance. They saw faults in the disposition, and manners of each other, that had before escaped their observation and every day seemed to present them new failings, in mind that each had previously considered perfect. In a word their former friendship was soon felt only upon retrospection.

It is in this manner, in circumstances equally as trivial a disunion of tastes has imperceptibly produced a disunion of hearts. Should we not be particularly careful in depreciating the taste of another, and should we not also remember when we remark a peculiarity in our neighbour, that we too have our faults, which he may imagine equally as eccentric? L.

From the Arabic.

Come, Lilla, fill the goblet up,
Hand round the rosy wine;
Think not that we will take the cup
From any hand but thine!

A draught like this 'twere vain to seek,
No grape can such supply:
It steals its tints from Lilla's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye!

For the Parterre.

THE ESCRITOIRE No. 2.

By Simon Scribble Esq.

There is something in the approach of winter which always impresses the mind with sentiments of gloom and despondency. During the continuance of summer and of autumn, the face of nature was adorned with every charm which could astonish and delight. Flowers of every hue and fragrance spangled the meadow and mountain, and flung their perfumes to the passing Zephyrs. The birds warbled in the groves, the brooks murmured through the valley, and myriads of the insect tribes were seen displaying their gay habiliments and sporting out a transient existence, When the hand of Autumn tinged the ripening grain and beckoned the cheerful rustics to their labour, the fields were gladsome to the eye. The apple, the pear and the peach trees, were bending beneath their rich abundance, and vegetable nature stood arrayed in all the grace of maturity. But when the giant winter strides the fair domains how different is the prospect! The flowers shrink from his approach, the fruit trees shed their honours, and the pride of the forests strew their leaves as a tributary offering before him. The cloudless skies of summer are involved in darkness and one scene of wild and universal desolation is to us presented. But though the approach of winter is so dreadful, its progress distributes innumerable pleasures. This is the season of repose and recreation to the body and and the mind. The pursuits and amusements, which courted our attention, "When nature smiled," are now dissipated, and scenes of calm and sober enjoyment arise before us. Those,

> "Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturb'd retirement and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening, hour

There is nothing now that can attract our vagrant footsteps: all of quiet, all of happiness, is contained within the domestic circles. This is the season for the improvement of our moral and literary attainments, and the acumulation of our intellectual resources. In the society of the parlour and the solitude of the study, we may polish our manners and improve our minds, and by social converse brighten those powers, which nature and education have bestowed.

For myself, I must acknowledge, there is nothing which affords me satisfaction so pure and unalloyed, as that which I experience when seated by a comfortable fire, and surrounded by my intimate acquaintances, or in company with that best of all friends, a book.

The winter season seems peculiarly adapted for study renders it more susceptible of instruction, and induces it permanently to retain those impressions, which in a more genial and busy season might be quickly effaced.

If So many benefits result from the periodical return of winter, how ungrateful are we to repine at its approach! It is true, to persons, in circumstances of indigence and distress it appears clothed with aggravated horrors; yet even to them, it is not destitute of blessings. The prolonged interval of relaxation, presents a favourable opportunity for a mental improvement and corporal repose. But how many under those circumstances, have brought themselves to this deplorable situation by neglecting the precaution of preparing during the summer of prosperity, for the winter of want. Certain it is however, there are many, who by a series of unforseen events, have been reduced to penury; whose exertions were upright, whose intentions were honest, but whose every effort appeared thwarted

by some mysterious dispensations. These will at least afford to others an additional gratification which the season bestows; that pure that benevolent enjoyment, of administering relief to the afflicted and distressed. Of employing their leisure, their talents, and their wealth, in forming and executing plans for the assistance of the poor and needy, and for the support of those, who have none to help them.

[The following effusion was presented us by an esteemed friend, as the production of a LADY OF THIS CITY, and has, we are informed, never before appeared in print.]

For the Parterre.

The Pains and Pleasures of Love.

When doubts disturb the quiet breast,
And dark suspicion, hateful guest!
Transfixes her envenomed dart,
To agonize the bleeding heart,
When joy and peace affrighted fly,
And anguish prompts the bursting sigh,
When hope withdraws her cheerful face,
And dark despair usurps her place,
When such distress our bosoms prove
Oh! then how dreadful 'tis to Love!

But when affection's sweet control,
Subdues the tempest of the soul,
When truth expels suspicion's darts,
And tenderness a balm imparts,
When hope, arrayed in smiles, appears,
And points to future blissful years,
Rapture succeeds to deep distress,
And tears of transport speak our bliss;
When such ecstatic joys we prove,
Oh! how delightful 'tis to Love.

Oh! speak the joy, ye whose fond hearts
Have felt the pleasure Love imparts,
When peace and confidence unite,
To fill the bosom with delight!
When fondest hopes and wishes reign,
And rapture thrills thro' every vein.
Dear Henry! may we ever know
The joys that from affection flow;
And every fleeting hour improve,
In the delightful task of Love!

For me, should Heav'n my wishes crown,
I ask no boon, but this alone,
As thro' life's thorny path I stray,
Thy love to smooth my tedious way.
Oh! may it be my sweet employ,
To sooth thy grief, to share thy joy;
And to life's latest hour, possess
Thy Love—my all of happiness,
If such delight my heart shall prove,
I'll bless the hour that bade me Love.

A lady who *stooped* very much, being pressed one evening to dance, answered that she did not *feel inclined;* "what *insensibility!*" whispered one of the company.

MEMOIR OF

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

Arthur Murphy, Esq. the author of several dramatic and fugitive pieces of merit, was born in Ireland, and descended from a very respectable family in that country. Early in life he entered the college of St. Omer's, where he remained until his eighteenth year, and was at the head of the Latin class when he quitted that school. He was indeed, an excellent Latin scholar, and very well acquaintd with the Greek language when hereturned to his native country. Soon after his return to Ireland, he was sent into England, and placed under the protection of a near relation, a person high in the mercantile world. It was intended by this relation that Mr. Murphy should engage in commercial pursuits; but literature and the stage soon drew his attention, and wholly absorbed his mind.

He had a brother who went to the West Indies very soon after Mr. Murphy came to England, and the latter became security to the amount of five hundred pounds for the former, who unfortunately fell a victim to the climate, just as he had the prospect of acquiring a considerable fortune. The success of Mr. Murphy's first Tragedy *The Orphan of China*, enabled him to get rid of the pecuniary obligation above mentioned, and he paid the money immediately from the profits of the play, with no other regret on the occasion, than what arose from the loss of an excellent brother.

Mr. Murphy's mother lived to a very advanced age, and never was there a more dutiful and affectionate son. Indeed he never had fortitude after her death, to look over any letters or papers

belonging to her, as they would have reminded him too sensibly of the loss of so good a parent, as he often declared that she had uniformly been.

Mr. Murphy was tempted to venture upon theatrical boards and made several attempts to acquire reputation as an actor; but though he always displayed judgment, he wanted those splendid powers which are essential to the acquisition of fame and fortune in that arduous walk of life. He was, however, wholly undeserving of the brutal attack on his talents as an actor, which Churchhill directed against him, chiefly from motives of party prejudice. Mr. Murphy answered the scurrilities of that energetic, but coarse and furious Bard, in a very humorous ode addressed to *the Naiads of Fleet Ditch*, and in a very spirited poem entitled *Expostulation*, in which he modestly, but firmly vindicated his literary character against all the assaults of his various opponents. Mr. Murphy, however, withdrew from the stage, and employed himself in the study of the law; he made two attempts to become a Member of the *Temple*, and of *Grays Inn*, but was rejected on the illiberal plea, that he had been upon the stage. He found more elevated sentiments in the Members of Lincoln's Inn, and from thence obtained admission to the bar. The dramatic muse, however so engaged his attention, that the Law was always a secondary consideration.

In the course of his life he sent twenty pieces to the Stage, most of which were successful, and several of which will certainly retain an established rank among what are called *Stock pieces* of the Theatre. It should have been observed, that he first started into the literary world with a series of Essays in the manner of *The Spectator*, entitled *The Grays Inn Journal*, which displayed great observation and knowledge of life for so young an author, as, according to his own account, he was but twenty-one, when, as he used to say, "he had the impudence to write a periodical paper during the time that Johnson published his *Rambler*."

At one period of his life Mr. Murphy came forward as a political writer, though without putting his name to his productions. The works of this kind which were well known to have been the issue of his pen, were *The Test* and *The Auditor*, by which he powerfully supported the operations of government at that time; and consequently exposed himself to all the violence of party defamation. He has shown his taste and elegance as a scholar by a Latin version of *The Temple of Fame*, and of Gray's celebrated *Elegy*, as well as other admired English poems, and a masterly translation of the works of *Tacitus*.

Mr. Murphy had many squabbles with several contemporary wits; but though he never quietly received a blow, he was never the first to give one. We cannot sum up his character better than in the following words, written by his friend Mr. Jesse Foote, who prolonged his life by relieving him, some years ago, from an illness of the most alarming kind; whom he has appointed his executor, and to whom he has entrusted all his manuscripts:

"He lived in the closest friendship with the most polished authors and greatest lawyers of his time; his knowledge of the classics was profound; his translations of the Roman Historians enlarged his fame; his dramatic productions were inferior to none of the time in which he flourished. The pen of the poet was particularly adorned by the refined taste of the critic. He was author of *The Grecian Daughter*, *All in the Wrong*, *The Way to Keep him*, *The Orphan of China*, *The Citizen*, and many other esteemed dramatic productions."

ROMAN HISTORY.

The Romans, illustrious as they were for the dignity of their character, their martial prowess, and the extent of their empire, hold forth a splendid light for

the guidance of mankind. Their virtues in the prosperity of the commonwealth, and their vices in its decline, furnish examples and cautions to persons of all succeeding times. In those kings and emperors, who were remarkable for purity of character, monarchs may find examples worthy of their imitation; and commonwealths may be taught, from the disorders of their factions, what limits to prescribe to the ambition of the wealthy, and what curb to impose upon the licentiousness of the populace. To be conversant with this important history is to view mankind engaged in the fullest exercise of patriotism, courage and talents; or to contemplate them enervated by luxury, debased by corruption, and sunk into the most abject disgrace.

——— O Luxury
Bane of elevated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
How doth the bowl intoxicate the mind,
To the soft entrance of thy rosy bower.
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
The unfathomable gulf, where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp, and beauteous Greece,
And the great Queen of Earth, imperial Rome.

Anecdote of Howard.

When this excellent and benevolent man was examined by the House of Commons, one of the members asked him, "At whose expense he had made all his journies through England to examine the state of the different prisons?" and was extremely surprised when H. told him, that he had made them at his own. The wretched situation of the prison of his own county, when he was high Sheriff of Bedfordshire, made a great impression upon his mind, and first set it at work upon those useful and honourable pursuits in which he was afterwards engaged. In a conversation he had with a friend, a few months before he undertook his last and fatal expedition, he said, "that he should once more leave his native land; probably," added he, "never to return to it;" that he proposed to be absent four years; that he intended, in that period of time, to visit Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt. On his friends making some objections to the length and peril of the journey, he replied, "I probably shall never return to my own country; but (be that as it may) it is of no concern to me, whether I lay down my life in Turkey, in Egypt, in Asia Minor, or elsewhere. My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument as I am, the will of that Gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to his Divine approbation."

For the Parterre.

The wandering Gipsy's Song.

Wanderers free on hill and mountain,
This wide world we call our home;
Rest at noon beside the fountain,
And at morn the Forest roam.

Dancing merrily, blithe and cheerily,
When the day has sunk to rest,
Then reclining, unrepining,
On the upland's velvet breast.

Stranger, could you guess the pleasures,
That the Gipsy's bosom knew,
You would bless our lightsome measures,
You would live a Gipsy too.

Wandering merrily, gay and cheerily,
Till the day had sunk to rest,
Then reclining, unrepining,
On the upland's velvet breast.

ORLANDO.

VANESSA.

The celebrated Vanessa has either been a beauty or a wit all her life long; and of course has a better plea for vanity than any other woman of her day: her vanity also is in itself more excusable for the pleasing colours it sometimes throws upon her character; it gives the spring to charity, good nature, affability; it makes her splendid, hospitable, facetious; carries her into all the circles of fine people, and crowds all the fine people into hers; it starts a thousand whimsical caprices, that furnish employment to the arts, and it has the merit of opening her doors, and her purse to the sons of science. In short, it administers protec-

tion to all descriptions and degrees of genius. from the manufacturer of a tooth pick, to the author of an epic poem. It is a vanity, that is a sure box at an author's first night and a sure card at a performer's benefit; it pays well for a dedication. and stands for six copies upon a subscribers list. Vanessa in the centre of her own circle, sits like the statue of the Athenian Minerva, incensed with the breath of philosophers, poets, painters, orators, and every votarist of art, science, or fine speaking. It is in her academy young novitiates flourish by their wit & practice panegyric; none like Vanessa can break a young lady to the poetics, and teach her Pegasus to carry a side saddle; She can make a mathematician quote Pindar, a Master in Chancery write novels, or a Birmingham hardwareman stamp rhimes as fast as buttons.

The pleasures of Study,

The pleasures derived from a taste for reading can be estimated only by those who possess it. What more delightful than to know that, in every vicissitude of fortune to which fate has doomed us, we shall still find a friend. In the deepest gloom of adversity, or amid the transports of joy a book will teach the resignation of fortitude, or give a proper degree of moderation to the ebulitions of mirth. With such a taste properly regulated, we shall be constantly surrounded by companions, who never leave us until we are weary, and who will return with alacrity at our call. They inform, they amuse and instruct, by relating the habits and manners of their various countries; they teach us how kingdoms have been subverted and heroes exalted; they hold out a beacon to caution us against the impetuosity of the zealot, and the hypocricy of the patriot; and, if we would listen to the voice of the muse, we are conducted to the fragrant bowers, where they breathe their sweetest inspirations.

Seldon has well observed that "patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains his chiefest good, that in all fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal."

Silence necessary to Meditation.

Darkness is a great aid to thinking. This will appear from what most men experience relative to their thoughts during the night. The silence and obscurity of the midnight hour are most friendly to abstraction, and often when sleep forsakes us, and we muse, our thoughts surprize by the vividness of fancy. If, at that moment, in the words of an elegant poet, we do not

"Snatch the faithless fugitives to light,"

if memory does not chain the children of imagination, they are scattered, and fly the beams of the morning. It is in that unregarded period of our existence that men of moderate capacities feel an extraordinary expansion, and men of genius some of their most original and felicitous conceptions.

Miseries of Human Life.

Awakened out of a sound sleep about midnight, by the ringing of bells and clamour of firemen; leap out of the bed in great haste, supposing the fire next door;—get your pantaloons on wrong side foremost;—can find but one shoe. After getting drest as well as possible (not perfectly awake) and groping for the door, get into the cloathe's-press breaking your shins over all the boxes and trunks in the room. After gaining the stairs miss one step and strike your nose against the bannister. Surviving all these mishaps you gain the street, weather cold and sleety; run seven or eight squares and meet the engines returning—fire extinguished.

☞ The price of the Parterre is three dollars per annum, payable quarterly in advance.